

## Quick Introduction:

This fic is something I'm doing in response to Jayu's "Dark Harry" challenge (Found on Portkey's forums under Harry/Hermione Challenges). I've never written a Darkfic before, so I thought I'd give this a quick go. It's only a "I'm bored" fic, so while I will finish it, I don't intend for it to be as in depth as the other fanfiction I'm working on. The challenge that Jayu gave is given as follows (reinterpreted to fix spelling mistakes and improve clarity):

The summer after Harry's fifth year finds him becoming increasingly enraged and grief stricken. He becomes tempted to use the dark arts, but resists. At this point, Harry must not be thinking romantic thoughts of Hermione.

A week prior to going back to Hogwarts, Ron asks Hermione if they could date, which Hermione must refuse.

By the time Harry makes his way back to Hogwarts, he is fully immersed in the Dark Arts. By this point, you may start building a relationship between Harry and Hermione.

A month after starting Hogwarts, (spent however you wish), Hermione finds out what Harry has been learning and practicing. She learns of his past (all of it), including the things that Dumbledore has done to him and the things he has sacrificed.

They both join Voldemort, but do not take the Dark Mark and spend the rest of the year training.

At the end of the year, Ronald makes a second attempt to have Hermione go out with him, she refuses him again as she has already gotten together with Harry. Because of this, Ron is enraged and attempts to use an Avada Kedavra on her out of Jealousy.

Harry and Hermione elope for the holidays, and when they arrive back at Hogwarts, they are surrounded by a overwhelming dark aura.

They allow Voldemort to think that he is in control of them, but they soon overthrow him, taking his place together and then wage war on the Ministry..

I hope you enjoy reading my fanfiction as much as I have enjoyed writing it.

Disclaimer:

Harry Potter is owned by a potentially mythical creature named J.K. Rowling. While it is widely accepted that such a creature exists, Luna Lovegood has never once found one. If Luna, you do ever find her, just let her know that I'm not making any profit off her characters and just poking a bit of fun.

Chapter 1 - Deceit...

Harry laid on the bed, nursing his latest bruise, a purple stain on his cheek, courtesy of one Vernon Dursley.

Professor Albus Dumbledore had appeared at Privet Drive a few days earlier and Harry had no recollection of what happened that day. He didn't know why, it was an unusual and odd feeling.

Ever since that day, Vernon had hit him continually whenever he saw Harry; if Harry didn't leave his room that day, then Vernon would beat down his door and confront Harry in his room.

Whether or not his current treatment was a direct result of Dumbledore or the fact that Vernon had come to a realisation or something during the conversation they inevitably held, Harry wasn't sure. All that mattered to him at the moment was that it hurt.

Harry lamented the loss of his Godfather. If Sirius were still alive, he could write to him and have the order straighten Vernon out to at least the way he was before. But instead, the order had turned a blind eye to his plight, despite him writing every day to them. It was enough to make Harry believe that Mundungus Fletcher was in charge of the Order's mail.

There was a scratch at the window and Harry scurried to open his window to let in the owl before it created such a fuss that would have Vernon rain down a thunderstorm of 'discipline' on his broken umbrella of an ego.

The owl was quite aggravated as it had a rather heavy parcel it was carrying. It was quite quick to land and as Harry moved to untie the present, the bird nipped at his hand, and not friendly in the way that Hedwig often did, the owl latched on and didn't let go until it had drawn blood.

After that, it turned around and as Harry untied the gift, it left a white stain on his hand.

Harry glared at the bird but did not feel stupid enough to abuse the owl as he desperately wanted to do.

Still, he managed to shove the bird out of his window again without any further wounds and turned to the gift. On the brown wrapping was attached a gift card that read "To Harry Potter, from your biggest fan."

He pondered over the identity of the person and figured that it was probably someone he'd never met before. He slowly opened the parcel and was faced with a black book with no label. It had a red spine that was decorated with vines that curved around the front and back a little and solid gold corners.

It was by no means a cheap book, no matter who gave it to him. He tentatively opened the book and was greeted with a stylised title. An introduction to understanding and using the Dark Arts by Maed Hattier. Harry snapped the book closed. That was the last kind of book that he wanted to read! Why not a book on occlumency or duelling theory?

Harry emptied out the bin in his room and placed the book in the bottom before placing the rubbish on top. He would dispose of the book as soon as he could.

'Who would send me a book on the Dark Arts though? It certainly wouldn't be Hermione... I can't think of anybody else who'd give it to me... Though perhaps Moody sent it to me to understand what I'm up against.'

He put it out of his mind and left to do the chores that Vernon had lain out alongside his bruised face.

-----

"BOY! Do you call this kitchen clean?"

Harry looked around frantically. He was sure he'd left the room spotless.

"There's a broken plate in here!"

"Wha-?"

SMASH! Vernon threw the plate on the ground and glared at him.

"That's not fair!" Harry protested. "I just finished cleaning the kitchen!" He immediately realised his mistake.

"Obviously you didn't clean it up well enough did you?" His uncle glared at him. "Clean it up properly!" He said grabbing Harry by the scruff of the neck and throwing him on top of the pieces of broken china.

Harry bit his teeth as the shards pierced his hands. He didn't scream, but it was a tough effort to avoid it.

'Come on Harry, after the cruciatus, this is nothing.' He told himself as he gingerly peeled himself off the floor and tried to pull on a shard that had somehow pierced right through the webbing of his left hand.

Vernon kicked him in the side.

"Pick them off the floor first, then you can clean up your hands, and there better not be a drop of blood on the floor when you're done." He

said as he sat down at the table with a large grin on his face and watched.

‘One day... One day uncle Vernon...’ he swore to himself.

As Harry stumbled up the stairs with tissues pressed against his hand, he cursed his situation. He had to leave. He couldn’t stay here, blood protection or no. It meant absolutely nothing to be protected from Voldemort if he couldn’t save himself from his Uncle.

He pressed his hand against his bedroom door and hissed as he felt a tiny chip still in his hand dig a little further in. He quietly moved to the bathroom and took a pair of tweezers from there before closing his bedroom door.

He grabbed a cloth from his cupboard and gagged himself from it, and then set about the task of removing the slivers from within his own flesh before he could bandage his hand again.

When he was finally done, he bandaged his hand as best he could. It was bleeding so much, but Hermione had told him that applying pressure would help.

‘Even when you’re not here, you’re helping me.’ He smiled wryly as he let out a breath of relief that the ordeal was over... for now.

Harry still couldn’t believe the change in Vernon, how could he even think to do the cruel things he had done; it was beyond inhuman!

The shattered plate was the worst thing so far, but Harry knew that worse was yet to come. He needed to escape from this place, and soon, before either Vernon killed him or...

Harry glanced at the bin. No, he wouldn’t reach for that book. Instead, he reached for his quill and started writing.

Please help me. I can’t take this much longer. He hurts me every day now! You promised me you’d help!

His tears smudged the ink as he wrote, but he didn't care. He'd send the message as soon as Hedwig got back from delivering his letters.

He waited, and waited. As he waited, he thought about his uncle. "Maybe I could make him weightless and tie his toes to the ceiling fan..."

"... or perhaps I could increase his weight and use him as a wrecking ball."

His ideas only got more and more ridiculous from there and soon enough, he found himself snickering at his ideas and became more relaxed.

He sighed when he ran out of ideas, and at that moment, decided that it couldn't hurt to look at that book. Just looking at it wouldn't force him to use the spells... and it would allow him a better understanding of the arsenal at the Death Eater's disposal.

He pulled it out of the bin and flicked to the first page and started reading.

The introduction was boring as any lecture given by Professor Binns, but that was only to be expected. It gave the obligatory definition of Dark Arts which had been covered thoroughly enough by Quirrell.

The first chapter of the book was a lot more practical, but not very imaginative. Using stunners with an intent to kill, basic severing charms, (which were taught in Hogwarts as household spells for cooking and such), and a couple of shields which were of very little interest to Harry at all.

The second chapter of the book piqued Harry's interest. It covered the idea of using non-illegal spells and using them as Dark Arts. He quite liked the idea of using the heavy duty dish cleaning charm to scrub Vernon's skin raw until he bled to death.

He found himself getting quite involved in the book and felt rather amused by the time that Hedwig finally came home, halfway through the second chapter.

Tied to the snowy owl's leg was a letter from Hermione and also the Daily Prophet.

Harry was surprised to see a Daily Prophet as he had long since cancelled his subscription to them. He assumed that Hermione had sent it along with her letter and so read it first.

Harry,

I hope that when you read this letter and the second page article you don't think I'm crazy.

I'm not sure how it happened, but our episode at the Ministry a few weeks ago seems to have been completely forgotten and downplayed by the whole wizarding world!

I've written to Neville and spoken to Ron and Ginny and nobody at all remembers what happened!

When I asked what they remembered about the time they said they were all at school!

I'm certain that it happened. I remember it so vividly when you told me that Sirius had fallen through the veil. Please tell me that it wasn't all a lie. I refuse to believe that he was hit by a car!

Harry's hands tightened around the paper. '... Hit by a car! He died trying to help me!'

I think I'm perhaps starting to go crazy. Everyone I know is convinced that it never happened. And then there is the paper...

Harry, please write back to me, let me know that I'm not insane! The scar down my chest is a constant reminder of what happened that night, and I know for a fact that it's not something that happened three years ago like my parents were telling me!

Yours truly,

Hermione

“What the hell is going on?” Harry asked himself as he read it over a second time and then turned his attention to the newspaper.

“What the— Ministry broken into— Schoolboy deviant Harry Potter broke into the ministry declaring that You-Know-Who is back— Minister insists that he is not— Potter recommended for mind healer treatment.”

“What in the name of Merlin?” He screamed, louder than he meant to. He waited for Vernon to come screaming up the stairs, but it never happened.

He scanned the rest of the paper quickly.

“Laundering charges against Malfoy dropped— Lucius Malfoy got away scott free?” Harry’s eyes started leaking tears, and then he saw it, the one headline he could not bear to read a second time. “Sirius Black found dead in middle of road.”

“... No...” Harry pleaded. He remembered so vividly that night. It seemed cruel to downplay Sirius’ death to being hit by a car! That was not what he deserved!

Whoever did this— atrocity, would pay!

Harry’s reply to Hermione was simple and short.

I remember everything

From Harry.

He started reading the book again, this time however, he had a completely different focus. This was not one of childish amusement, part of him was looking for something useful.

-----

Two days later, Harry awoke to find a rather official looking letter on his desk. Inside was a request for his presence to the reading of Sirius' will. He was notified that he would be escorted to the place by one Remus Lupin.

At the thought of this, the first thing that Harry thought was that he needed to hide his book. If he was found with that book, Remus would ask him some very uncomfortable questions.

Harry was in the middle of breakfast when Remus arrived, knocking on the front door.

Petunia answered the door and very politely let Harry's ex-professor in. This as well was very odd as Remus was dressed little better than a man off the street.

"Harry, are you ready to go?"

"I was ready before I got here." He said more angrily than he had meant to as he slammed his cutlery on the table and strode straight out of the door.

Remus nodded slightly to the Dursleys and followed him out.

Remus reached out for Harry's shoulder, but Harry stopped him.

"Remus, what's this crap about Sirius being hit by a car? I know that he died falling through the veil in the Department of Mysteries!"

Remus shook his head sadly. "Dumbledore told me you'd taken this really hard... You and Hermione both. I assure you, he was definitely hit by a car, I saw it with my own two eyes. Now, please Harry, this is painful enough as it is."

Remus words were enough, he started crying. 'This can't be happening.'

"Now Harry, I know that it's been hard for you... If it's alright, we're willing to have an appointment made for a Mind Healer for you."

Harry blinked his tears away, and a slow chuckle left him, which soon became a laugh. It wasn't a jovial laugh, it was one that marked that the teenage boy thought that something was so absurd that he couldn't help himself.

As his laugh faded away, he pointed to the fading bruise on his face and then held out his bandaged hands. "What I need Remus isn't healing in my mind, perhaps I have lost it a bit, but what I need is to be taken away from these... creatures! Look at me! My uncle did this to me!" He yelled at him. "Why hasn't the order lifted a finger to help me?"

Remus looked sad. "I suppose this is your way of dealing isn't it. Vernon has always been like this as long as I can remember. But unfortunately, he is your legal guardian. For us to take you away would be kidnapping."

Harry shook his head. He hadn't endured Vernon's punishments his whole life, he had only been like this as of a few weeks ago!

"I can't believe you're saying this. Look— Lets just forget all this and go."

Remus nodded and put a hand on Harry's shoulder, and with a pop, they disappeared.

'When I see Dumbledore, I'm going to give him the biggest earful he's ever heard!' He thought savagely to himself as they moved down the corridors down to where Sirius' will was being read.

There were a few people present, Hermione, Hagrid, Narcissa Malfoy, together with her son and a couple of people he didn't know. Remus moved to sit with Hagrid.

As soon as he walked in the door, Hermione smiled hopefully and approached him.

Harry gave a very slight shake of the head, that nobody would notice.

“Harry! What happened to your face!” She stared in horror. “And your hands! Merlin... What happened.”

“Vernon has been beating me.” Harry replied.

“And the order hasn’t stepped in?” She asked with her jaw hanging on its hinges.

“No, Remus just told me that they wouldn’t do anything because he is my legal guardian.”

Hermione stepped close. “If it were just me, I would doubt my sanity, but truth be told, I’m starting to think that everyone involved with the incident has been Obliviated.”

“I remember that night far too vividly for that.” Harry said to her. “There’s something fishy going on. Vernon never beat me at all prior to about a week and a half ago, now he’s going out of his way to do it, but Remus seems to think that he’s been doing it for as long as he’s known Vernon.”

Hermione put on her thinking cap and bit her lip. “I still have a scar down my chest from where Dolohov got me.” She said, pointing to the small part of it you could see from her deliberately low-cut top.

“If I had gotten this scar three years ago, it wouldn’t look like it was recently inflicted.”

Harry nodded. “That’s enough evidence for me to know that it isn’t us that’s crazy. Though I’m going to go crazy if people don’t stop contradicting everything I say about the last few weeks, especially about Sirius.”

Hermione hugged Harry unexpectedly. “Thank you for being sane!” She said softly in his ear.

The door opened and they broke off the hug, the man who entered the room looked like he had once been a tall bloke, but had been squashed flat with a weight or something. He looked wider than he was tall.

“Everyone, please be seated.” He said as he stepped up to the podium. “We are here today to witness the reading of Sirius Black’s will. Those of you present are listed as being recipients of the will, or proxies on behalf of, said recipients.

“The will is quite short so this should only take a moment.

This is the last will of Sirius Black, whom I, in sound decision do give my assets to the following:

Remus Lupin, shall receive moneys, to the sum of fifteen thousand galleons, for being a dear friend.

Hermione Granger, to receive seven thousand galleons, for a life debt.

Professor Albus Dumbledore, to receive a hundred thousand galleons, for future charitable work.

Narcissa Malfoy, to receive a mouldy sandwich, which she left in the cooler of 12 Grimmauld Place.

Draco Malfoy gets nothing, sorry to make you come all this way.

And Finally, to Harry Potter, I grant ownership of Grimmauld Place and everything contained within, as long as he agrees to certain conditions, given separate. Otherwise, the property belongs to Albus Dumbledore.

Regardless, the title and honour of ‘Baron Black’ is given to Harry Potter. As was my wish to do when my charges are dropped.

Signed,

Sirius Black

Harry cried. It didn’t matter how Sirius had died, it suddenly hit him like a ton of bricks that Sirius was gone. He wasn’t going to just arrive wrapped in paper wrapping via an owl one day with a note attached saying ‘Ha! Fooled you! – Padfoot’

A piece of paper was pushed into Harry's field of vision and he looked up to see the squashed man thrusting what must have been the conditions to him owning Grimmauld Place.

He looked around the room briefly to see that the Malfoys were fuming over their part of the will, which made Harry smile. 'The last prank of the marauders.' He mused. 'A bit lame by their standards, but I suppose there's not much you can do at a will reading.'

He turned to read the paper that had been handed to him.

Harry, I'm entrusting all of my land and left over money to you, but you must promise to me that you will allow the order to continue using the place as a base of operations as long as they are active.

Oh, and if you could find a way to ditch Ketcher and that picture of my mother, that would be fantastic.

I'm sorry that something happened. I hope that however I died, it was for something useful.

-Sirius

"I— I accept." Harry replied softly. 'As much as I hate the order right now, perhaps it's not their fault.'

"Very well, then I announce you Baron Harry James Potter-Black."

"This is an outrage! I am alive! I should be the next in line for the title of Black!" Narcissa screamed.

"Missus Malfoy, you and I both know that this is well within Mister Black's rights." The man replied with a glare.

"This reading is now over."

Harry did not waste a second before leaving the place. He didn't want to be at the receiving end of Malfoy's tongue.

“I can’t believe that he made you his heir!” Hermione exclaimed happily. “Oh, what an honour!”

“I’d give it all up to have him back Hermione.” Harry replied sardonically.

“Of course you would Harry, so would I, but being the heir of Black carries a lot of privileges.”

“I don’t care about any of that Hermione, unless it will get me out of the Dursleys!”

Hermione smiled wryly. “I wish it did... I really do.”

Harry sighed. “I don’t want to go back Hermione... I’m scared.”

“You should call the police when they aren’t home.” She told him. “It’s child abuse what they’re doing and you really shouldn’t need to put up with it.”

“I wish it were that easy, but they have one of those phones with a lock on them, I can’t use it at all, and getting out of the house is nigh on impossible.”

“How about at night?”

“They lock my door at night.” Harry said shaking his head. “They don’t want me to have contact with the outside world if they can avoid it.”

Hermione thought for a little while. “I have an idea, but getting it will take some time and tact, give me a few days.”

The door opened to reveal a lot of shouting happening from inside the room where the Malfoy family were throwing a fit over their lack of inheritance. Remus stepped out and when he closed the door, the shouting disappeared once more.

“Good old Sirius,” Remus said fondly. “Lets go Harry, I’m afraid my schedule is rather full today.”

Harry had a good mind to just run off then and there, but instead said nothing and allowed Remus to put his hand on his shoulder.

Harry gave a weak smile to Hermione before he disappeared.

-----

In the time that Harry was waiting for the gift from Hermione, Vernon's beating got worse, Harry guessed that if it kept going the way that it was, he would have a broken bone to worry about in the near future.

Harry poured his spare time into reading the book that he was given. The reading was interesting, although many of the spells were beginning to become quite savage. They had gone from spells that created small wounds to things like conjuring a hundred thousand needles to hurtle at an enemy, to changing blood into mercury.

At one point, Harry had grabbed a stick from out in the garden while doing his outside chores and found himself practicing a few wand movements with his stick.

Hermione's present arrived two days late. It was a rather small package in a cylinder. Harry opened the gift wrapping to find a bit of rolled cloth. Inside the cloth was a set of metal rods and miscellaneous other devices. 'What is this...?'

He opened Hermione's attached letter, which was extremely long.

Harry,

I'm sorry it took so long for me to get this to you, but once I had procured it, I had to teach myself how to use it so that I could give you instructions.

Lock picking kits aren't exactly legal to have if you aren't a locksmith, but I really feel that we need to get you out of there.

It will take you a bit of time to get used to using this, but this kit should open any non-magically locked door, I'll explain how to do this...

At two in the morning, Harry made his first attempt at picking locks. He got as far as getting two of the pins to stick.

Harry sported a black eye for being tired in the morning, but that only made him more determined to succeed.

Along with the lock picking kit, Hermione had also provided Harry with a small vial of Tom Thumb's magical shrinking powder for squibs which Harry would use for taking his trunk once he got out of the house.

Three days later, Harry had mastered his bedroom door, and taken the time to fully understand how he would apply his knowledge to the front door. It was hard to be nimble with his fingers as Vernon had chosen the day before, to cut V-shaped nicks out of each of Harry's fingers. It hurt every time he flexed them.

Tentatively, at 3am, Harry softly packed his trunk, carefully placing his Dark Arts book at the bottom where nobody would see it, and sprinkled the powder on top of his trunk, shrinking it until it was the size of a matchbox and set to the task of unlocking his bedroom door.

A minute later, his door squeaked open. Vernon had never oiled his door as it was a dead giveaway when the boy was up to something, and so, Harry didn't open it any further than was necessary to slip out.

He carefully locked his door again and moved down the steps, avoiding the third, fifth and twelfth steps which would have creaked.

He pulled out his picks and was glad to see that the front door was as easy to pick as his bedroom.

He stepped outside of the house and closed the door, locking it again.

"Mark my words Vernon, one day I'll make you pay for the way you've treated me." Harry replied as he left the residence.

At 3:10 am, Harry Potter ran from the Dursleys, to the spot where he had once hailed the knight bus, and at 3:30am, was no longer in Little Winging any longer.

